



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LEVER LINES  
FOR SPARE MINUTES

47. f.

39





# LEVER LINES

## FOR SPARE MINUTES:

Intended as Helps to a Higher Life.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE,

AUTHOR OF "UPWARD AND ONWARD," "OUR ENGLISH MONTHS,"  
"VOICES FROM THE GARDEN," "AN IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN,"  
ETC.



LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1868.

147. f. 39.

CLAPHAM:  
PRINTED BY G. P. MEADEN.

## P R E F A C E.

---

THERE may be no small leverage in a single line, especially a metrical one, which, besides being soon read, has the additional advantage of being less easily forgotten. In the spirit of this conviction the following pages have been composed, and though they have little pretension to originality, it is earnestly hoped they may, by God's blessing, assist the reader, especially the Christian believer, to live a higher and holier life, in these perilous days of worldly excitement and spiritual entanglement.

S. W. P.

NOVEMBER, 1867.



## L E V E R   L I N E S.

---

OH for a higher style of Christian life!

Good is self-knowledge, but Christ-knowledge best.

THINK less of ease and gain, than usefulness.

A good man is a silent homily.

OUR leisure is the Devil's tempting time.

BE doubly watchful in prosperity.

TIME will be priceless, ere we come to die.

OUR praise should be as boundless as God's love.

NONE are so wrong as they whose lives are wrong.

As Christ died *for* sin, let us die *to* sin.

God's sweetest incense is—obedience.

LET me be nothing, so that Christ be all.

No Christian man should live in Murmur Street.

SEEK, first, God's kingdom ; then, thy daily bread.

THE sabbath is the savings-bank of life.

GIVE thyself early, wholly, to the Lord.

PRAYER is the ladder between earth and heaven.

WE serve the Devil if we serve not Christ.

BE generous, and God will send thee means.

MAKE noontide prayer the key-stone of the day.

OFT "getting on" in life means soul-decay.

SEE that thy good thoughts grow to holy deeds.

God's way, though sometimes strange, is always best.

CHRIST's service is the highest dignity.

HIGH motive can ennable meanest acts.

How half-regenerate many good men are !

HE is the greatest who serves Christ the best.

BETTER is harmony than unison.

How many pray who have not learned to wait !

LIFE is a warfare, much more Christian life.

WE reap in sowing; and in teaching, learn.

OH that men wanted only what they need !

BEWARE of him who scoffs at sacred things.

IT is not great surroundings make men great.

HEAVEN is not so much where, as what, we are.

CHRIST empties first the heart that He would fill.

Act duteously, and leave results to God.

How little Self-indulgence has to give !

TRUST anything before thy wicked heart.

How often trouble is heaven's gate to us !

OH that men would but strive to live their prayers !

WHAT, in Christ's name, we give, we never lose.

How fast the sands of this short life run out !

WHAT an enchanter's wand Contentment is !

How Self is shrined in unregenerate hearts !

BE chiefly anxious for a useful life.

EVEN the Devil hates hypocrisy.

LET us be levers to our fellow-men.

TROUBLES are blessings when they lead to Christ.

TRUST in thy Father, 'tis no orphan world.

How rich the poor, how poor the rich, may be !

STRIVE not for place, Christ as a servant came.

THE world is mad, Christians alone are sane.

MANY do Satan's work, how few serve Christ !

HEAVEN is begun for him who lives to God.

THE heavenward-seeming path oft leads to hell.

TRUE Christians are more useful than they know.

THE laws of God are self-executive.

How can a self-full heart have room for Christ ?

OH to be ready when the Master comes !

MAKE God the pivot of thy every hope.

OH that men's cares were all for their poor souls !

NOTHING so mocks men as their worldly hopes.

FEAR not, but leave thy future with the Lord.

MEN may be moral, and yet far from God.

Most have more truth than they know how to live.

OUR lives should witness that we serve the Lord.

CHRISTIANS should work together, and not strive.

Good books are no mean levers to the soul.

SERMONS are never ended till they're lived.

DENY us, Father, when we ask amiss.

DAILY we fight with death, why not with sin ?

'Tis suffering that adds most to our soul-growth.

How God doth feast man with the beautiful !

'Tis hard to learn the truths we hate to live.

How much of heaven or hell is in the tongue !

SOULS seldom ripen till the body fades.

'Tis well when we can make God's will our choice.

He that would rule his tongue must keep his heart.

BLESSED are they who know and serve the Lord.

How perilous are bad companionships !

CHRIST-WORK should be the measurement of life.

WHAT hath a man, if he have not content ?

BE great enough to value little things.

A THANKFUL heart is no mean heritage.

How many know the right, yet live the wrong !

'Tis better far to suffer than to sin.

Oh for Christ-living, Christ-believing, men !

Let something, every day, be done for Christ.

Man needs regeneration, not reform.

There is no rest nor safety but in Christ.

Watch o'er thy thoughts—those actions in the bud.

Oh how soul-perilous is sudden wealth !

Self-living is not living; life is love.

Be often quiet, and alone with God.

The truest dignity is holiness.

With Christ, how rich we are; without, how poor !

Shouldst thou not live for Him who died for thee ?

There is no pivot for the soul, but Christ.

We only live, Lord, when we live to Thee.

The Christian's is the best gentility.

Christ has done much for thee: what, thou for Him ?

He is the richest who gives most to God.

LET Christ, if anything, be everything.

OH to have deeper sorrow for our sin !

THERE's no Eureka for the soul, but Christ.

PRUDENCE is neighbour unto Piety.

LORD Jesus, I am thine, and thou art mine.

OH for more leisure with ourselves and God !

HE is the oldest who has lived the best.

SATAN or Christ, which master dost thou serve ?

LORD, I would die to sin, and live to Thee.

KNEE-WORSHIP merely is of little worth.

PRIDE is the root of more than half our cares.

WE cannot ask or hope too much from God.

PRAYERLESS resolves—how Satan laughs at them !

IT is our leisure so imperils us.

HEAVEN save thee, brother, from thy lower self.

PRAY earnestly : God heeds not unmeant prayers.

NOTHING but Christ can satisfy the soul.

SERVICE is little without sacrifice.

God's promises will never cheat our hopes.

LOVE God, for be assured God loveth thee.

OUR life should be perpetual prayer and praise.

SATAN's best wages is but sorry pay.

MAKE God thy gold, but never gold thy god.

SEEK happiness in others' happiness.

GRACE will expand to glory presently.

RIVERS run seaward, so should hearts to God.

THE door of opportunity soon shuts.

SEE, Christian brother, to thy home-life first.

THE heavenliest mind will be the happiest one.

PRAYER is the life and power of all soul-work.

THE holiest never know how good they are.

How soon our part below will be played out !

RESOLVES are good, but how much better prayers !

THEY who love Christ should long for His return.

HIS wealth is doubled who has learned to give.

ACCUSING Christian men is Satan's work.

How the world fades when once we live to God !

OUR prayers are oft best answered when denied.

NOTHING so beautiful as holiness.

How few live in the attitude of praise !

GIVE to God's cause ; but first, thyself to God.

How doing nothing leads to doing worse !

LET Jesus be thy Teacher, Priest, and King.

LEARN to trust God with thy tomorrows too.

How much man wants ! How little does he need !

DEATH is no sleep ; rather, life's waking time.

OH let us strive to live the truths we learn.

THEY shall be greatest who serve Jesus best.

Do as you wish that men should do to you.

How sweet a sermon is a Christian life !

WE are mere travellers, hastening through this world.

WORKING for Jesus is life's worthiest work.

WORSHIP should be a habit ; not an act.

Disuse of money also is a sin.

HE has learned much who knows himself and Christ.

THE path to heaven is rough : how rough to hell !

THE selfish is no servant of the Lord.

'Tis not what we intend to be, but are.

SEEK unity, not uniformity.

MAN says " To-morrow," but God cries " To-day."

THINK more of duty, less of happiness.

CHRIST's servants are earth's true nobility.

IF thine be mine, Lord, should not mine be thine ?

ALAS that many live such psalmless lives.

NEARER, dear Saviour, nearer still to Thee.

OH that our Christian light were Christian life !

SINCE Adam, earth has ne'er been sabbathless.

LIFE hath no Easter with the most of men.

BUT few know Christ, though many know of Him.

How fast life's chapters hurry to their close !

SOUL-HUSBANDRY is life's divinest work.

LET no day pass without some Christian deed.

THE Bible is the Christian's library.

KNOW Christ, whatever else may be unknown.

THE miser garners gold for fools to spend.

MAKE Christ the pivot of thy daily thought.

DEATH is a waking, rather than a sleep.

JESUS—that dearest and love-worthiest name.

THE Christian man is his own heritage.

PRAYER honours God, how much more trustful prayer!

WE climb to Knowledge, through the vale, Belief.

LORD, let me serve Thee, and who will may reign.

TRUE prayer is rather what we feel than say.

WATCH o'er thy thoughts—those actions in the bud.

DEATH lies behind the Christian, not before.

MYSELF I know not, how can I know God?

OH to serve Christ as some the Devil serve!

EV'N to th' ungrateful, God ungrudging gives.

CHRIST is the only bridge from earth to heaven.

LIFE is too short for mean, ignoble aims.

THE vain are never truly beautiful.

CHILDREN in sin, let us be men in Christ.

THE sabbath is man's tribute-time to God.

MEN slumber on, ev'n down the slopes of hell.

AH, when shall come the spring-time of thy soul?

WHEN will men learn to live Sabbath lives?

CHRISTIANS should rather fear to live than die.

LET not the Devil keep thy soul from Christ.

AH could we always make God's will our own!

DEAR Saviour, all I have and am is thine.

'Tis the *proportioned* gift that pleases God.

THERE is no truth to him who is not true.

WHY should our life so lag behind our creed?

TRUE wealth is what we are, not what we have.

SEE to beginnings, leave the ends to God.

FAITH, to the Christian, is an added sense.

How God loves man! How little man loves God!

THE greatest ugliness is—vanity.

STARTING aright in life is half the race.

How aimless, purposeless, is life, with most !

HE who looks Christward shall not want for light.

It is the lust of gold, not gold, that damns men's souls.

God's hand none sees : its shadow all may see.

OUR sabbaths are the landings on life's stairs.

For what, for whom, does the churl hoard his gold ?

MEN may not only live, but die, fools too.

NOTHING propels a nation like God's word.

DEAR coming Lord, I watch and wait for Thee.

OH for more Christhood among Christian men !

How it transforms us, gazing on the Lord !

DEATH is but, after all, a broadening life.

CHRIST came not down to help us, but to save.

SELF makes our misery ; love, our happiness.

BE something nobler than the Devil's drudge.

Not death, but sin, a Christian man should fear.

THE pilot, Self, remember, steers to hell.

THE world has nought to satisfy the soul.  
—

As God hath prospered thee—so thou shouldst give.  
—

THE best estate is a contented mind.  
—

ALL great lives have a purpose and a plan.  
—

Look from thyself, my brother, and to Christ.  
—

THE Bible is the Solomon of books.  
—

AH, in how much the world might teach the Church !  
—

My glory is to hide myself in Christ.  
—

Men disbelieve, because they hate, God's word.  
—

God is too kind to grant us all we ask.  
—

THE happiest life is—the most useful one.  
—

I FEAR to live far more than fear to die.  
—

Be thankful also for what God withholds.  
—

THE arrow, prayer, is never shot in vain.  
—

TRUE faith unites obedience with belief.  
—

God loves us more than they who love us most.  
—

THE best of men are emptiest of themselves.  
—

HONOUR shall be to him who honours God.

ALL men are one in suffering and in sin.

NATURE is fruitful, why so barren man ?

OH for whole-heartedness in serving God !

EARTH's golden age is future, and not past.

BEWARE of uniform prosperity.

Is any man the better for thy prayers ?

BAD men abridge their natural lease of life.

SOUL health is, after all, our sorest need.

CHRIST is the light ; without Him all is dark.

PRAY, if not for thyself, for those thou lov'st.

LET "Jesus Only" be thy daily text.

MAN's only glory radiates from Christ.

JUDGE rather by men's habits than their acts.

OH to be more at leisure from ourselves !

COMPANIONS become patterns presently.

THE worldly rich have seldom aught to spare.

ALONE with God should be best company.

Not in self's shadow, but in Christ's light, live.

God speed us heavenward, whatsoe'er betide.

'Tis not what *we* think, but what God has said.

**RESOLVE**, but in a strength above thine own.

OUR troubles spring from our idolatry.

A MAN's chief disappointment is—himself.

SEE, thou, to duty: leave results to God.

VANWARD or rearward, go where God appoints.

THERE's little true self-mastery out of Christ.

THE footprints of our God are everywhere.

LIFE's buffetings are not without their use.

THOUGHTS are as actions to th' all-seeing God.

PREPARE to die by learning how to live.

WHAT a perpetual sunshine is content!

THEN we best serve ourselves, when we serve God.

MAY my soul-wealth increase, whate'er I lose.

CONTENT thyself with little, Christ had less.

THE trump card in life's pack is—Character.

If Christ be with me, anywhere is heaven.

BE right, and fear not to be singular.

THERE are few lives but might be epic ones.

TRUE wealth is, what we are, not what we have.

How many pray to God, and hate him too !

Lord, speed me heavenward, whatsoe'er betide.

THE prayers we think and feel are answered too.

How much there is that gold can never buy !

ALL heaven-bound travellers pass through Humble Gate.

God's impress marks the meanest human coin.

We are but slaves till Jesus makes us free.

God's grace is varied as our varied needs.

THE worst have heavenly possibilities.

LIFE's stations none may pass a second time.

MANY contend for truth who live it not.

OFT dedicate thyself afresh to God.

As Judge or Saviour, all must deal with Christ.

MEN have no soul-wealth, therefore thirst for gold.

LET every plan begin and end with God.

HONOUR men less for where, than what, they are.

HOPE nothing from the world, but all from God.

No earthly good can satisfy the soul.

LET our sole strife be, who shall serve God best.

WAIT not for others, learn to act alone.

THE pride of reason is faith's chiefest foe.

'Tis Strive Gate that so surely leads to heaven.

SOME truths there are we cannot reason out.

LET us be orthodox,—in heart and life.

TRIFLES are hinges, oft, for greatest things.

BE humble, and seek less to shine than serve.

A CHRISTIAN's duty is to Christianize.

WE owe more to our sorrows than our joys.

BE happy in thy neighbour's happiness.

DEATH-FEAR is bad : why, life-long, wear the shroud ?

HE who would truly live, must be twice born.

IF few can preach, all may live sermon-lives.

How many a worldling wears Christ's livery !

WORK, and alone, if none will work with thee.

THE world o'erflows with sorrow and with sin.

LIFE's rough beginnings often have smooth ends.

IT is Christ-work makes life so meaningful.

CHRISTIANS should have no fear but filial fear.

'Tis truth in life that has such power with men.

THE lust of pleasure—how it sears the heart!

LET not thy senses stultify thy sense.

CHRIST's servants should do Christ's work, not their own.

STRIVE not for that which thou canst never be.

BREAD for today—we little need beside.

TRY still to work with all who work for Christ.

How deaf, how dead, the worldling is to God!

MANY are hell-ward bound who dream of heaven.

TRUST : Joy shall bury Sorrow presently.

WE have no other wealth than what we are.

THIS present life is but life's vestibule.

WHAT paupers most men are in heavenly things !

PRAYER links man's weakness to Omnipotence.

OH let us die to sin, and live to Christ.

'Tis earthly hope that disappoints us so.

MAN's pride of reason keeps him ignorant.

WAIT not for others when thy duty calls.

MAN has much knowledge, but how little faith !

MORE than the sun, should Jesus be our light.

CHRISTIANS should never doff their singing robes.

OUR soul-life—'tis for this we ought to live.

NONE truly knows himself, till he knows Christ.

MEN may be virtuous, and yet far from God.

A CHRISTIAN's life is heaven ; much more his death.

GOLD is, to worldlings, the sole truth of life.

TRUE men are rather hammered out, than born.

THE worldling millionaire must bankrupt die.

LEARN to submit to God's wise discipline.

Not only wait on God, but *for* him too.

SOUL-LIFE collapses oft by sudden wealth.

It is the vain who hunger so for praise.  
—

THERE is no way to God and heaven, but Christ.  
—

MEASURE thyself by what thou oughtst to be.  
—

LET worldlings sigh ; turn thou thy sighs to prayers.  
—

IN vain we look below for rest and peace.  
—

LIFE is but an endurance, without Christ.  
—

DRESS as the flowers do—fitly, modestly.  
—

NEVER distrust Christ's promise, or God's love.  
—

IT is men's godliness that makes them great.  
—

HE who hath Christ hath little need beside.  
—

OUR earthly griefs are heavenly medicines.  
—

LIFE's truest pleasures always cost us least.  
—

GREAT joy and peace are his who walks with God.  
—

SEE that, in serving God, thou pleasest Him.  
—

WHAT can I need, if Jesus be but mine ?  
—

How much of heaven may be enjoyed on earth !  
—

THE " might be " of our lives should humble us.  
—

God is the best : see that thou love Him best.

EARTH may be heaven, if God's will be but ours.

Good men are on God's anvil hammered out.

TILL I am with Thee, Lord, be Thou with me.

Do good, in spite of men's ingratitude.

WHY should not life be a perpetual psalm ?

THE wicked shut heaven's door against themselves.

How many are already half in hell !

STUDY the Bible, if thou wouldest be wise.

THOU hatest sin ; dost thou hate *every* sin ?

DRESS is the luxury of little minds.

How poor is earth without the hope of heaven !

LIVE, every day, as though 'twould be thy last.

STORE well thy memory with Bible truths.

BOTH heaven and hell have their beginnings here.

ASK nightly, "Have I lived for Christ to-day?"

OFFEND not, nor be quick to take offence.

THINK often on the fatherhood of God.

WORLD-WEARY many are ; few, fit for heaven.

TELL less to man thy troubles than to God.  
—

BE well content to follow where God leads.  
—

MORE than man lost by sin he gains by Christ.  
—

WE live not really till we live to God.  
—

HE honours Christ's truth most who lives it best.  
—

DISTRUST thyself, but never distrust God.  
—

LEARN to be little if thou wouldest be great.  
—

THAT man is rich enough who is content.  
—

WHAT has a Christian man to do with care?  
—

PRAY for God's help, but see thou help thyself.  
—

Good men have sympathy with all God's works..  
—

CHRIST-WORK is best done humbly, quietly.  
—

EV'N wicked men subserve God's purposes.  
—

THE world owes much indeed to good men's prayers.  
—

THE Christian man should learn to bury care.  
—

To evil-speaking never lend thine ear.  
—

PATIENCE in suffering may be work for God.  
—

CHRIST wins us blessings more than Adam lost.

How oft men tempt the Devil to tempt them !

We should sum up our mercies every day.

How the bad word betrays th' unheavenly heart !

THE holiest life will be the happiest one.

NOTHING so hardens us as cherished sin.

MEN are self-troublers, breeding their own cares.

ART thou prepared, should Christ return to-night ?

It is our troubles that make men of us.

PILLOW thy soul upon the Saviour's breast.

How very rich the poorest Christian is !

SELF is, of all earth's tyrannies, the worst.

SUCCESS is measured best by our soul growth.

No Christian work is ever quite in vain.

LIFE is not worth the living, without Christ.

'Tis better to be poor-rich than rich-poor.

OH that our Christward looks were oftener !

'Tis not in gold to fill the human heart.

ALL are Christ's freed-men or the Devil's slaves.

PRAY God to save thee from thy lower self.  
—

CHRIST's kingdom cannot come till He return.  
—

PRAYER is a telegram from man to God.  
—

IT is our gifts that sanctify our gains.  
—

LEARN to see God in all things, everywhere.  
—

PAMPERING their bodies, how men starve their souls !  
—

THERE's only " I " in some men's alphabet.  
—

SCORN to spend life in sordid selfish aims.  
—

THE Bible is its own interpreter.  
—

LIVE, brother, inwardly ; less outwardly.  
—

ENDEAVOUR to have settled times for prayer.  
—

BLINDNESS is bad ; heart-blindness, how much worse !  
—

Look Christward, if thou wouldest die hopefully.  
—

PEACE is Christ's gift ; the world's best gift, unrest.  
—

MANY there are who drift ; how few who steer !  
—

If only two pray, Christ will be the third.  
—

THE Lord's-day is the key-stone of the week.  
—

THERE is no priest to Christian men but Christ.

SHOULD ours be prayerless morns and psalmless eves ?

THE loveliest face will be the heavenliest one.

ENLIST with Christ, but chafe not at the drill.

How many a little sin through Eye-gate creeps !

WATCH well thy lips, thoughts, feet—but most thy heart.

STILL for King Jesus waits this weary earth.

THAT which we doubt is right, to us is wrong.

WE never lose what we in Christ's name give.

How priceless are kind words and pleasant looks !

Love giving, and thus imitate thy God.

A SELFISH life is one continuous sin.

LEARN to see God in all, and all in God.

Dost covet beauty ? Be soul-beautiful.

THE man who hates to give is unlike God.

JUDGE thyself sternly, others tenderly.

How oft soul-leanness is produced by wealth !

THEY who love dress love rarely aught beside.

THE use of wealth—how it reveals the man !

THE books that most ennable us are best.  
—

How Christian work expands our Christian life !  
—

GOLD may be precious ; how much more so, time !  
—

HE who has learned content can scarce be poor.  
—

BROADCAST Christ-truth, where'er thou go or stay.  
—

THE worst of all bad lodgers are—bad thoughts.  
—

WHAT power there is in one kind gentle word !  
—

IT is content, not increase, makes men rich.  
—

WHAT human wrecks bestrew the shores of life !  
—

MAN's only strength is to be strong in Christ.  
—

GIVE heed to the excelsior voice within.  
—

TRUE life is measured less by days than deeds.  
—

RISE up before an old man reverently.  
—

ALL men are learners : how few learn of Christ !  
—

GOD loves us better than we love ourselves.  
—

LEARN to believe more than you understand.  
—

THE Bible is, throughout, ablaze with Christ.  
—

“CHANCE” is no word for Christian lexicons.

SWELL not the herd of silly, simpering fools.

CHRIST, of all masters, pays His servants best.

PRAY for fair wind, but see thou to the oar.

IN all success be glad, and grateful too.

FILL all thy mind, and heart, and soul, with Christ.

How seldom man's remorse is penitence !

THERE is no worse thief than a silly book.

OH what a lazarus-house is this poor earth !

DID we pray more, our work would better speed.

EARTH is the battle-field of heaven and hell.

Not rite or ritual, but Christ alone.

God give us grace to live the truth we know.

He is the conqueror who conquers self.

SATAN has zealous servants, why not Christ ?

THE spiritual man alone reads men.

LET me please Christ, whomever I displease.

THE worst, though we deserve it, seldom comes.

GOLD often makes more worthless, worthless men.

THE Christian's is the only regal life.  
—

How often God averts the ills we dread !  
—

LIFE teems with death, how much more death with life !  
—

ONLY God knows the wickedness of man.  
—

To know our sins forgiven, that, that is rest.  
—

LIVING we die, how much more dying live !  
—

THAT which is doubtful is too often wrong.  
—

MERE sermon-hearing is not Christian life.  
—

How men forget, in health, their sick-bed vows !  
—

THE holy are God's aristocracy.  
—

THY will, my Father, not my will, be done.  
—

BODIES are often coffined in dead souls.  
—

TELL less thy cares to man, and more to God.  
—

WEALTH is, too oft, a hindrance to the soul.  
—

OUR times of trouble should be times of prayer.  
—

SHOULD I not live for Him who died for me ?  
—

WHAT hard unfilial thoughts men have of God !  
—

HE who walks Christward, he shall walk in light.

TIME is a nugget of more worth than gold.

OH for a higher and diviner life !

'Tis hard to learn, but harder to unlearn.

He who finds rest in Christ hath rest indeed.

Or all taskmasters, Satan is the worst.

'Tis God, not the physician, works the cure.

ALL soul-truth known, but lived not, hardens us.

He only who knows Christ can know himself.

'Tis unrepented sin that ruins men.

CHRIST at the helm, life's voyage will be safe.

THERE is no greatness without earnestness.

LIFE's aim should be high ends by noble means.

God does not only well for us, but best.

LIKE a gay passing pageant, so life fades.

ANYWHERE, Saviour, so thou be with me.

STEER heavenward, and leave all results to God.

DEATH is a mercy to a Christian man.

THE work of Christ can have no supplement.

'Tis sin that makes so bitter, thoughts of death.  
—

TAKE Christ not only for thy priest, but king.  
—

FRIENDS may be far, but God is always near.  
—

How priesthood has cursed the church of Christ !  
—

PRAYER is no hindrance, but a help, to work.  
—

CRAVE not to rule, but be content to serve.  
—

THAT man does scarcely live who fears to die.  
—

MAKE Christ the pivot of thy daily thoughts.  
—

WE live to purpose when we live to God.  
—

SIT humbly at Christ's feet, and learn of Him.  
—

THE best this world can give is little worth.  
—

WITHOUT God's grace, how poor a thing is man !  
—

OH 'tis a dreadful thing to fight with God.  
—

WANT is a pauper, much more Discontent.  
—

THOUGH the world seem to drift, God grasps the helm.  
—

IN vain we seek salvation out of Christ.  
—

FEAR God, that thou mayst have no other fear.  
—

How much the world owes to its praying men !

LET what God chooses for thee be thy choice.

WITH the Law's Gospel, take the Gospel's Law.

BE on God's side, and He will be on yours.

CENTRE thy cares on thy undying soul.

If we love Jesus, we should serve Him too.

God loves the sinner, though He hates his sin.

STILL struggle heavenward, trusting in God's grace.

How little care men take of their great souls!

THE very look of some men is a psalm.

THERE is no limitation to God's love.

MORE even than our prayers, Lord, hear our needs.

BETTER not know the truth we will not live.

BE emulous of doing work for Christ.

PRAYER is to Christians a necessity.

IT is the truth we live, enlightens us.

THINK more of service, brother, less of ease.

LIVE, less for time than for eternity.

WHAT God wills for me should be my will too.

LET worldlings fear ; but Christians, hope and trust.

ECONOMISE, that thou mayst have to give.

How soon tomorrows become yesterdays !

OUR very pleasures should be lever ones.

He who would bless, must live above, the world.

THINK far more of Christ's honour than thine own.

CHRIST, and his people, are the only priests.

GIVE to thy God as He doth give to thee.

THE road the selfish walks leads straight to hell.

It is not men's surroundings makes them great.

THE miser's heap is hateful to the Lord.

BE good and do good, so shalt thou get good.

THE worldly man is a wise fool at best.

Not only bless, but make us blessings, Lord.

HELP thy poor brother, so shall God help thee.

GIVE as thou gett'st : all nature gets to give.

How sweet is Christ's dear name to Christian men !

THE selfish is his own circumference.

MEN listen oft to truths they will not live.

DEATH should not terrify a Christian man.

THINK of thyself as nothing, Christ as all.

STILL let thy work be prayer, thy prayer be work.

THE first step heavenward is a downward one.

HEAVEN has but one door, and that door is Christ.

DEVOTE to Sabbath duties Sabbath hours.

LOVE those that love thee, aye, that love thee not.

CHRIST is the light of light, the life of life.

To love, is the best way to be beloved.

How empty must the proud man be of Christ!

OH to live higher and intenser lives !

My needy soul, draw larger cheques on God.

LET thy gains, brother, blossom into gifts.

LOVE and serve all men, ev'n thine enemies.

THE proud man neither knows himself nor God.

God and myself should be best company.

It is Christ knowledge keeps us best from pride.

How few are beautified with holiness !

OUR days are steps that lead to heaven or hell.

THINK long and often on the love of Christ.

BE rich in thine own self, and envy none.

LET ev'n thy look and manner be a psalm.

THE soul is starved that does not live on Christ.

WHAT wondrous sons are born of Work and Prayer !

MANY call Jesus Lord, who serve Him not.

IT is soul-wealth that we should covet most.

LET thy first thoughts, and latest, be of Christ.

GOD keeps the cupboard for all living things.

LET God be the care-taker of thy cares.

OH how unlike the miser is, to God !

WHAT is worth doing, do at once, and well.

LET my wealth be—high thoughts, content, and hope.

SEE to thy steps, thy *next* steps specially.

ALL real beauty springs up from within.

IF few are kings, most may be regal men.

LET increased gifts keep pace with increased gains.

THE indolent can scarce be said to live.

How slow God's clock seems to impatient man!

HE who has special wealth needs special grace.

How many love to get, but hate to give!

LET us strive daily to be more like Christ.

ALL good from God, all sin from Satan, springs.

CHRIST is the test of good and evil men.

HE is no Christian who is unlike Christ.

HAVE faith, and patience too, and wait God's time.

SIN is the cause of all our suffering here.

CHRIST is our altar, sacrifice, and priest.

LET Jesus have me, yea, have all of me.

ONLY while God doth keep us, are we safe.

HELP is a nobler thing than sympathy.

LOVE earthly work as well as heavenly rest.

A CHRISTLESS death-bed is earth's saddest scene.

WHAT space is there between a bad man's grave and hell?

BE Christ's free servant, and not Mammon's slave.

KEEP me from what would keep me, Lord, from Thee.

MUCH that man loves is hateful unto God.

WHAT an unfailing friend is Christ to me !

HE is the greatest who serves God the best.

How wealth intensifies man's selfishness !

THE greatest sinner should come first to Christ.

HE is a fool who boasts of his good heart.

WHAT a poor wretched world this is to love !

CHRIST has gained more for man than Adam lost.

Look Christward, heavenward, whatsoe'er betide.

To have Christ with us is best company.

THIS dim world will be dark till Christ returns.

GAIN, Honour, Pleasure, are man's modern gods.

CHRIST will destroy thee, sinner, or thy sin.

BEWARE thou trifle not with life or death.

BEWARE of small temptations, little sins.

THE poorest who hath Christ, is rich indeed.

MISTAKE not fear of hell for fear of God.

OUR chiefest sorrow—let it be for sin.

MAN's wants are many; but his needs, how few!

THE dead are more alive than they who live.

SAVE us from sin, Lord, and the love of sin.

PRAYER draws God less to us than us to God.

THE soul of man hath an unending growth.

TIME is the stuff wise men coin into deeds.

GIVE now, not merely when thou com'st to die.

'Tis less what I believe than what I am.

BRAVELY contend with all things false and wrong.

THEN only live we, when we live to God.

'Tis a bad sign if we are loth to die.

No blessing rests on misers, or their gold.

WE need grace daily, like our daily bread.

MANY are babes, but few are men, in Christ.

CHILDREN not only hear, but read, us too.

Look for the answer when thou pray'st to God.

HAVE always some good Christ-like work in hand.  
—

LET me please God, whome'er I may displease.  
—

IF thou wouldest live to pleasure, live to God.  
—

OH to have more of sympathy with Christ!  
—

VISIT the sick, the poor, the fatherless.  
—

WHAT so insipid as an aimless life?  
—

God chiefly honours them who honour Him.  
—

SATAN and Christ are struggling for thy soul.  
—

LORD Jesus, I am not my own, but Thine.  
—

CARE not for grandeur, but be great thyself.  
—

How often earthly loss is heavenly gain!  
—

As a man uses money, so is he.  
—

LIFE's cares fall heaviest upon selfish men.  
—

HE does not well, who gives not God his best.  
—

THE soul is dark and sunless without Christ.  
—

OH for more Christhood in our daily life!  
—

THE fear of God should be our only fear.  
—

Be generous : God never shuts his hand.

OUR great life duty is to come to Christ.

MEN's prayers are often terribly untrue.

WITH thoughts of Christ begin and end the day.

Most have God's capital of health and strength.

HAVE deepest reverence for sacred things.

WITH thee, dear Saviour, anywhere is heaven.

How often money minifies the man!

Is Christ thy Master? Serve Him first and best.

INCREASE the faith of those who know thee, Lord.

WHAT abject drudgery Satan's service is!

Body and soul, devote thyself to Christ.

LIVE as thou wouldest, if 'twere thy dying day.

We only know in part the good we do.

SATAN has zealous servants, why not Christ?

WORK *for* God, *with* God, and thou shalt succeed.

ABOVE all knowledge, know thyself and Christ.

How seldom earthly wealth is heavenly gain!

SERVANT of Christ, rejoice; thy Master comes.

WHAT service, Saviour, shall I render Thee?  
THY special work for Christ, both know and do.  
BE thou Christ's helper, not Christ's hinderer.  
How very hard it is to live our prayers!  
CHOOSE always rather suffering than sin.  
TROUBLES are levers to a Christian man.  
CHRISTIANS should be, not money-chests, but men.  
HE hath most light who nearest draws to Christ.  
THE present, praise not; nor the absent, blame.  
LIVE always in thy hopes, not in thy fears.  
LORD, be my portion nothing less than Thee.  
MUSE often on the wondrous love of Christ.  
How men will lie, both to themselves and God!  
WHY are our hymns not lived, as well as sung?  
OH that our lives were level with our prayers!  
God is the sender of all good we have.  
Most men fear poverty; but wealth, how few!  
LET nothing, Lord, divide my heart with Thee.

CONTENT is the best banquet, after all.

ALONE, man has no strength to conquer sin.

SPARE not thyself, but daily work for God.

THAT is a palace, where Contentment dwells.

DEATH is, to Christians, but the porch of life.

HAVE faith in Christ, and His atoning blood.

Of all bad pilots, Pleasure is the worst.

HEAVEN is truth loved and lived ; hell, truth despised.

At all times, and in all things, cleave to Christ.

SUBMIT thy reason humbly to God's truth.

THE love of Christ shall my chief motive be.

EVEN in health, we hourly fight with death.

GIVE God thy gifts, but give Him first thyself.

To merely kneel and speak is not to pray.

LIFE's noblest business is to live for God.

THEY only are the wise who learn of Christ,

LET Duty, never Pleasure, helm thy course.

MEN are self-tempted oftener than they think.

It is the disobedient who hate Christ.  
—

God honours all the cheques faith draws on Him.  
—

SOUR Discontent keeps an unending fast.  
—

How slightingly men treat Christ's precious blood !  
—

CHRIST—what is He to thee, or thou to Him ?  
—

OH if man but loved God as God loves man !  
—

WE serve the Devil if we serve not Christ.  
—

GREATNESS is not in what we have, but are.  
—

WITNESS for Christ wherever thou mayst be.  
—

SATAN rules no man but with his consent.  
—

HE who looks Christward scarce can miss of heaven.  
—

How weak we are ourselves, how strong in Christ !  
—

A STINGY Christian sadly stains the name.  
—

'Tis the soul's Christward look that gives it peace.  
—

Too many moral lives are Christless ones.  
—

CHRIST, with his fulness, fill our empty souls.  
—

GET nearer Christ, my soul, get nearer Christ.  
—

How contrary man's will is to God's law !

WHAT should the Christless know of joy and peace ?

MANY call Jesus Lord, who serve him not.

How Satan strives to keep the soul from Christ !

INTENSIFY in me, Lord, all things good.

OH to be babes in sin, and men in Christ !

HE scarcely lives who has not learned to pray.

LIFE, with the earnest, is not days, but deeds.

LET all my will, Lord, be conformed to Thine.

How much we know we scarce have learned to live !

IT is our Christhood constitutes true life.

MAN can learn little without reverence.

TRIM often thy prone life by thy belief.

WHILE thou liv'st, pray ; and as thou prayest, live.

How great is man's ingratitude to God !

LIVING to Christ, this, this alone is life.

THERE is no luxury like doing good.

PRAY trustfully, or scarce thou pray'st at all.

THERE is no anchorage for the soul but Christ.

THEY who would lead new lives must have new hearts.  
—

How Satan dreads lest we should come to Christ !  
—

'Tis Christhood makes the stature of the man.  
—

'Tis sad when friends of ours are foes of Christ.  
—

THE Christian life should be a festive one.  
—

ALL things are possibilities to faith.  
—

THE godly man, ev'n now, is half in heaven.  
—

'Tis oft by their mistakes that men grow wise.  
—

SELF must have pounds, though God get only pence.  
—

If I love Christ, my life should be like His.  
—

Of all soul-robbers, few are worse than Care.  
—

It is the humble God delights to raise.  
—

TOMORROW is the reaping of to-day.  
—

How few have earnest sympathy with Christ !  
—

THANK God for mercies, and for judgments too.  
—

CORRECT sometimes, but oftener direct.  
—

It is self-emptied men God loves to use.  
—

MAN's real life consisteth not in gold.

How many say, who never pray, their prayers !

No little of our daily care is sin.

In all thy losses, see thou lose not Christ.

How oft the prospering forget to pray !

He who would live to Christ, must die to self.

A CHRISTIAN life is no mean argument.

Few walk with God, though many talk of Him.

Let us be helps, not hinderers, to Christ.

Oft special sorrows spring from special sins.

The Christian should be luminous with Christ.

Sin is, of all man's maladies, the worst.

How oft men's prayers protest against their lives !

For some, the clock of duty never strikes.



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Crown 8vo., cloth 6s. Gilt, 7s. 6d. Morocco, 10s. 6d. Post free.

## OUR ENGLISH MONTHS: A POEM ON THE SEASONS IN ENGLAND.

"'Our English Months' describes the various aspects of the year from January to December. . . . The book is rich in facts of natural history; and the author's descriptive power is happily not of that generalizing kind which tells everything about a scene except what is special to it. On the contrary, many of his touches at once identify the objects to which they refer. Pleasure and instruction go hand in hand in this really meritorious book."—*Athenaeum*.

"We know of no volume of descriptive poetry surpassing our 'English Months' in truthfulness of picturing, felicity of expression, and healthiness of moral tone."—*Watchmen of Ephraim*.

"Mr. Partridge has long since won his laurels as a poet, and is well known to many of our readers by his 'Upward and Onward,' 'Voices from the Garden,' and other works. . . . We have to congratulate him, and all who sympathize with him, on the manner in which he has accomplished his task. Lovingly, reverently, and intelligently, does he approach the works of the Great King; and while he scans their outward forms, and pourtrays their beauties and their uses, seeks to penetrate beneath the surface, and to hold converse with those spirit-stirring truths that underlie them all. The pictures of rural life, and the descriptions of the haunts and habits of bird, and fish, and insect, are drawn by one who has evidently carried with him an observant eye, a well-stored mind, and a chastened imagination. . . . We warmly commend the volume to our readers."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"The quiet reading world—those who love a good book for hours of leisure in the snug parlour, or at the cozy fireside, or the sunny bank, or by the babbling brook, in the open field or the tangled coppice shades—will thank Mr. Partridge for this beautiful book; the fruit of keen and healthy observation, and the repository of much exact knowledge both of man and nature."—*Local Preachers' Magazine*.

"The work before us is delightfully adapted to promote the culture recommended in the preface. Each month of the year is presented with almost photographic fulness of detail in its botanical, ornithological, entomological and poetical aspects. . . . The work displays throughout not only much power of patient observation and careful record, but (rarer gift still) considerable ability in inventing phrases, and real felicity in the application of epithet."—*Meliora*.

"The volume is one which we quite expect will become a great favourite with such readers as have a taste for the beauties of nature. . . . The author's reflections show him well accustomed to 'look through nature up to nature's God'; and few, we imagine, can rise unbefitted from the perusal."—*British Friend*.

"It is seldom we find an eminent publisher an eminent author, least of all an eminent poet. We are not using the language of hyperbole, however, when we say that the publisher of No. 9, Paternoster Row, is both. Already favourably known in the world of letters by his 'Upward and Onward,' 'Voices from the Garden,' and 'An Idea of a Christian,' his present volume is sure to gain for him a fresh laurel, and increase a reputation well and honourably earned. Among the gems of the volume, we may indicate 'To the Snowdrop,' 'To the Spring,' 'The Mulberry Tree,' and the exquisite poem on page 256, entitled 'Not to

### OUR ENGLISH MONTHS—continued.

Myself alone.' These four pieces, apart from anything else in the volume, would stamp Mr. Partridge a true poet, who has the genius as well as the jingle. We like the fine Christian spirit, too, by which the entire book (and it is no small one, consisting of 300 pages) is pervaded, and this is not the least of its many excellencies. . . . We give it our warmest commendation."—*Peterhead Sentinel*.

"The aim of the writer has been to describe out-of-doors life and scenes in England, under all the different aspects produced by the twelve successive months in the year, and to this end he has brought an amount of practical knowledge and genuine love for his subject that cannot fail to achieve success. . . . In conclusion, we cannot but wish a large measure of popularity for a book so well calculated to assist the moral and mental improvement of what we trust will prove a very wide circle of readers."—*The Dial*.

---

*Sixth Thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. Gilt, 5s.  
Morocco, 8s. Post free.*

### UPWARD AND ONWARD: A Thought-Book for the Threshold of Active Life.

"We have read nothing for a long time in the way of poetry which has given us so much stimulus and pleasure."—*British Messenger*.

"A book of fine sentiments and fine poetry—a book that we have read with delight, and commend to our readers with confidence."—*Christian Weekly News*.

"A book to be read and pondered along with the Bible, and one that will bring happiness to the sincere reader, and honour to the writer."—*Local Preachers' Magazine*.

"A book full of solid, sterling thought. A book which deserves, and will repay, the most attentive perusal."—*Christian Lady's Magazine*.

"Full of passages of wisdom."—*Sunday at Home*.

---

*Third Thousand. Demy 8vo., cloth, 1s. Post free.*

### AN IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN.

"A book full of gems of thought and expression. Mr. Partridge has caught the true idea of a Christian, and very beautifully has he wrought it out."—*Christian Spectator*.

---

### Fourth Thousand. Crown 8vo., 1s. Cloth gilt, 2s. Post free. VOICES FROM THE GARDEN;

#### OR, THE CHRISTIAN LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"We have read these poems with inexpressible delight. We never read a poetical work, of the same size, richer in sentiment, more fraught with solid thinking, or better adapted to convey sound instruction to the heart."—*Methodist New Connexion Magazine*.

"Beautiful exceedingly. Nothing in the shape of verse has, for many a day, fallen so sweetly on our ear, or so delighted our fancy, as 'The Voices from the Garden.'"—*United Presbyterian Magazine*.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.



